

THE DAILY DEMOCRAT

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SATURDAY, JUNE 24

ACADEMY GIRLS

Held Their Tenth Annual Reunion Saturday—Richfield News.

RICHFIELD, June 21.—The Richfield Academy girls held their tenth annual reunion at Mrs. C. E. Pool's, Saturday, June 17. It was a delightful day and everybody had a good time. The dinner was served under a very large tent in the yard. There were about 35 present. Some very fine piano music was furnished by Miss Lena Carr and Miss Mary Killifer. Mrs. Harriet Palmer Mackey gave a very interesting account of her trip and winter in Florida. Miss Eunice Alger gave a recitation from Lucile. Mrs. Mary Mead Baumgardner was elected president. Mrs. Harriet Palmer Mackey, vice president; Miss Eunice Alger, secretary. The ladies will meet next year at Miss Mary Sheldon's on the 18th of June. Mrs. Geo. Carter invited the Ladies of the Macabees to a quilting at her home South East Richfield Friday, June 16th. The Ladies report a very good time.

Don Ault, who has been away from Richfield two years, has lately returned. He expects to assist his father in the furniture business the coming year.

Mrs. Thomas Gilbert of Cleveland, formerly of Richfield, died early Thursday morning at her home 1611 St. Clair street from rheumatism. Her body was brought to Richfield for burial.

Mr. L. E. Ellsworth paid Richfield a flying visit last week. He expects to return soon to his work in Venezuela.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Humphrey attended the reunion of the Oak Hill girls and boys at Akron last Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Chamberlain, 300 North College street. They report a good time.

O. A. Colman and family will spend July and August in Richfield on East Hill at O. C. Moore's. Mr. Colman is an artist and expects to make some fine pictures in Richfield this summer.

"A Howling Success."
Whenever properly introduced Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as a cure for constipation, has met with a phenomenal sale. Many druggists cannot say enough in praise of its merits, as well as its great popularity with the people. In the trial size and also in 50c and \$1.00 sizes, of Dutt's pharmacy, 629 South Main st.

TWINSBURG.
Mrs. A. N. Stanley is in Oberlin this week, the guest of her niece, Mrs. Atlanta Allen.

Fred Wolfe is home from Austinburg Academy for the summer vacation.

Mrs. Jessie Kohler and children of Cleveland are visiting her aunt, Mrs. S. Stevens.

Edson Freeman and Clyde Cochran are home from Case school, Cleveland, for the summer.

The first ball game of the season here was played last Saturday afternoon by the Twinsburg nine and the Spinks of Cleveland, Twinsburg winning the game by a score of 8 to 4.

Married, at the home of the bride's parents last Wednesday at 2 o'clock, Vern R. Hempstead and Miss Gertrude Williams. Only immediate relatives of the bride and groom were present. Rev. Hudson officiated. They expect to make Twinsburg their home.

SUFFIELD.

Floyd Shultz of Ravenna, was in the village Sunday.
Lottie Schmidt of Canton was home for a few days last week.
Elton Newbauer of Akron, a clerk in Daguer Bros. dry goods store, and Miss Nellie Reule, who lived with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Maatz, in the village, were married at high noon Thursday by Rev. H. J. Christman. Mr. and Mrs. Newbauer received many beautiful presents. They left at 5 o'clock this evening for their new home at Akron, 108 1/2 Bittman st., where the rooms had previously been arranged with furniture and everything necessary for sleeping in place. They will be at home to their friends. None but the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present at the marriage ceremony.

B. W. Bickel of Millheim, a former resident here, was in town Friday.
Mesdames Edith Kent, Nora Fritch, Caroline Stout, Alzina Newbauer, Louise Slabough, and the Misses Grand, ofbourne, and Josie Fritch attended the Portage County W.C.T.U. convention at Rootstown Friday.

George Sizer of Akron, was in the village Sunday.
Mrs. Lewis Hawk, Miss Gertrude and Miles Hawk attended the Raubenstein reunion at the residence of Uriah Raubenstein Saturday.

Nicholas Luley and wife were at Akron Thursday and Friday, where they were the guests of their daughter, Mrs. C. A. Ley.
The Misses Alice Stout, Orella Fox and Mrs. Clarkson Fritch attended the church social convention at Marshallsville last week.

Mrs. Henry Shultz of Ravenna, was in town Thursday.
Mrs. George Miller, Mrs. C. A. Walsh, and Mrs. Earl and George Miller were visitors at the residence of Nicholas Miller Sunday.

George Beale and wife of Kent, attended the wedding of their daughter, Nellie, Thursday.
Daniel Bolender and wife were visitors at the residence of Mrs. Amanda Sax Sunday.

Alfonzo Roetzler, while riding his bicycle the other day, ran against John, the youngest son of George Wolf. The pedal hit him below the knee and cut a gash that required two stitches to close up the wound. Dr. F. P. Russell attended him.

The annual reunion of the Schneid family was held in the village at the residence of Hartman Bletzer and wife, Wednesday.
Children's Day exercises will be held at the Reformed church Sunday evening.

Mrs. Levi Fox of Akron, is the guest of his mother, Mr. Stout.
F. E. Schneid and wife were at Akron Sunday.

No preaching services will be held at the Reformed church Sunday. Sabbath school at 9:30 a.m. C. E. prayer meeting Saturday at 9:30 p.m. F. E. Schneid, leader.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by the use of the Serravallo's Cataplasms, which are caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed, it causes a humming sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result. The inflammation can be taken out of this tube and restored to its normal condition, hearing will be restored, and the patient cured. It is not cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular.

DR. J. C. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, etc.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

KRUMROY.
Arthur Harris has purchased the John Stein farm new occupied by John Sprinkle. The farm consists of 33 acres of good land. Consideration \$2,500. Mr. Harris will not move on his new farm until next spring.

Harry Boyer, Geo. Miller, Arthur Harris and Frank Krumroy had a pleasant trip to Sandusky last Saturday.

The Christian Endeavor society of North Springfield have elected the following officers for the next six months: President, E. S. Evans; vice president, Jennie Swinehart; secretary, Edith Brown; corresponding secretary, Bessie DeHaven; treasurer, Arthur Walker; chorister, Mattie Welch; assistant chorister, Francis White; organist, Jessie Ewart; assistant organist, Dolly Swinehart.

A large number of people from this vicinity attended the celebration of the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. David Ellet.

The Boxwell commencement of Springfield township was largely attended last Friday evening. It was a complete success. The scholarship was awarded to Irma Hayne and Elmer Hill.

Miss Maude McChesney was tendered a surprise party Monday evening. Her grandfather presented her with a beautiful gold watch.

H. L. Wagoner has returned from his visit to Indiana.

A helpful word is like a switch on a railroad track—but one which between a wreck and prosperity. To better appreciate this advice some one who is troubled with rheumatism to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This remedy is famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by all druggists.

Mrs. Morris' Letter to EVERY WIFE AND MOTHER.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 14,365]
"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with gratifying results. I had been married four years and had two children. I was all run down, had falling of womb with all its distressing symptoms. I had doctored with a good physician, but I derived very little good from his treatment. After taking a few bottles of your medicine, I was able to do my work and nurse my seven-months-old babe. I recommend your medicine to every wife and mother. Had I time, I could write much more in its praise. I bid you God's speed in your good work."—Mrs. L. A. MORRIS, WELAKA, PUTNAM CO., FLA.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—When I commenced the use of your remedies I was very bad off. Every two weeks I was troubled with flowing spells which made me very weak. I had two of the best doctors, but they did not seem to help me.

"They said my trouble was caused from weakness and was nothing to worry about. I felt tired all the time, had no appetite. I was growing worse all the time until I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now able to help about the house, and am much improved in health."—Mrs. A. WALKER, CALICOON DEPOT, N. Y.

The Expert Net His Match.
At a North Side boarding house one of the newly arrived boarders named Burton, is an expert accountant. The first evening after his arrival he began boring the other boarders by talking "shop" and relating the great feats of mathematics that he had accomplished in his time. Smith, one of the stu boarders, made up his mind to rid the parlor of shop talk at least for that night.

"I have a little piece of addition work that I think you would have a hard time in doing. If you can add it without the aid of a pencil and paper, you are a good one."

"Name each item, and I will add," said Burton.
"Five barrels of cider at \$4.56 a barrel. Have you got that down?"

"Yes."
"Four bushels of bran at 90 cents a bushel. Have you got that down?"

"Yes."
"Fifteen kegs of horseshoe nails at \$2.35 and two strings of garlic at 50 cents a string. Have you got that down?"

"Yes; go on."
"Six gallons of castor oil at \$4.25. Have you got that down?"

"Sure you've got it all down?"
"Sure, I have," said Burton.
"—H-m! How does it all taste?"—Chicago Journal.

Proved His Theory, but Died.
The acme of realism was reached, though by accident, in a criminal trial a few years ago at Lebanon, O.

Two men had a personal encounter. One of them, after vainly trying to draw his pistol from his hip pocket, turned to flee. A moment later he fell, shot in the small of the back. One chamber of his pistol was found to have been fired. His assailant was tried for murder.

The picture shows a scene which may be seen any afternoon in a little English town. "Tom" is the property of a dairymaid well known in that district. While going the rounds certain women customers have been in the habit of giving the horse bread. Presently the picture shows a scene which may be seen any afternoon in a little English town.

"I understand from my daughter that you was teachin her plane trigometry."
"Yes, Mr. Bullion."
"Well, I won't hev it. I'm ready and willin to pay any price you mention, but she's got to hev the ornamental branches or she'll go somewhere where she can get them. Don't you teach her nothin that's plain."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Papa Bullion Protest.
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When the collier Butlers of the navy taught Mare Island navy yard the other day, after a voyage to Manila, her bottom was found covered with mature oysters, and the commandant of the navy yard has forwarded to the bureau of construction and repairs a box containing samples of the shells.

The painting upon the plates below the water line was in good condition, and there was no unusual corrosion, and from stem to stern she was covered with these oysters, which became attached to her while lying in Manila bay. On one occasion, when all the coal in her hold had been removed and a large part of her bottom was exposed above the water, the plates were cleaned by the natives without expense on condition that they be allowed to keep the oysters, which they consider a great delicacy.

THE TEACHERS' FRIEND.
Mrs. Emmons Blaine will endow a School of Pedagogy.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine, who gave \$25,000 a year ago to the Teachers' College of the University of Chicago, is going to show her interest in the cause of education by endowing a school of pedagogy in the same city. She has promised to give several hundred thousand dollars to this school for teachers.

Mrs. Blaine has had this idea in mind since 1893. The daughter of the late Cyrus H. McCormick, the great mower

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

COLORADO RATS.

They Are Not Only Pious Fighters, but Arant Thieves.
A writer in The Century Magazine tells us something about the mountain rats of Colorado.

This ferocious rodent is nearly twice the size of the Norway species and is always ready for a fight. Besides his bellicose propensities, he is an arant thief. The miners have a saying that he will steal anything but a red-hot stove. He does not steal to satisfy hunger only; he appears to be a kleptomaniac.

Provoked by the depredations of one old graybeard that haunted our cabin, I one day assisted in harrising his castle, where I found the following articles: Four candles, 1 partly burned, 3 intact; 2 spoons, 1 knife, 2 forks, 27 nails, all sizes; 1 box pills, 1 coffee pot lid and 1 tin cup, 2 pairs of socks, 3 handkerchiefs, 1 bottle of ink, 3 empty vials, 1 stick grain powder with 10 feet of fuse, beans, rice and dried apples galore.

His spirit of mischief is as strong as his passion for stealing, and the honest miner solemnly avers that if you leave open a bag of beans and one of rice he will not rest till he has made a clean transfer of all the beans to the rice bag, and vice versa. I know that more than once he has during the night filled one of both of my boots with the contents of the sack.

I have heard also of a voracious prospector who, returning from a trip without coffee pot, frying pan and bake oven, accounted for their absence by declaring that the mountain rats had carried them off and emphasized his assertion by shooting through the leg of a skeptic who was so injudicious as to doubt the fact.

A Toothpick Explosion.
Fix some toothpicks like this and then set fire to one end of one of the toothpicks. Do not stand close to the table after you have lighted the bit of wood.

A Hot Experiment.
A gentleman who visited a pumping station of the Philadelphia water works was shown into the engine room. "What I am proudest of here is my draft," said the engineer. "Here it is." He raised a trap door in the floor, disclosing a black hole about a foot square, and the visitor looked in eagerly. Nothing was to be seen, but a tremendous draft sucked in his silk hat. "Hot hat!" cried the engineer, joyously. "Now this is an interesting experiment. Just watch that tall stack over there." He pointed to the lofty stack, and as he did so the silk hat shot straight out of it, 50 feet up in the air, and then like a big black ball sailed slowly away. "Grand experiment, indeed," said the visitor. "I thank you for it. I will now endeavor to secure the remains of my hat." So he chased away after his property, while the engineer looked on with an amused smile.

A Clever Horse.
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Now Tom Knocks.
ceding his master, and arriving at the houses of these good friends, he draws his cane and the cane to the ground and then knocks at the door by raising the knocker with his mouth and then letting it drop again. This he continues to do until the door is opened, when he receives his well earned reward.

Paid In Oysters.
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and reaper man, she inherited a fortune of millions. She has long been eminent among Chicago women for good works.

She told her idea to some of her millionaire friends and has received assurance it is said, of contributions which will aggregate a foundation fund of \$1,000,000.

Colonel Francis W. Parker, the present head of the Cook County Normal school, has been selected to organize



Mrs. Emmons Blaine, the college and will be given wide powers in establishing an institution under the broad ideas that have been developed during his long career as a teacher of teachers.

Mrs. Blaine's great aim is to benefit the poor and not to pamper them. Emmons Blaine and Anna McCormick were married at Richfield Springs Sept. 26, 1889. He was 33 and she 23 and the possessor of \$3,000,000.

Emmons was the favorite son of the late James G. Blaine and was the pick of the flock. He was educated by a lawyer, but afterward went into the railroad business and became general freight agent of the Santa Fe road at Chicago. He died June 18, 1892. His widow has been faithful to his memory. He left one son, McCormick Blaine, the apple of his mother's eye.

The Pentagon Club.
The Pentagon club of Boston is so named because it is made up of women of five professions—doctors, lawyers, ministers, teachers and journalists. It prides itself upon having no constitution and no officers. Its 20 or 30 members meet and dine together once a month at the United States hotel, for the sole purpose of having a good time. The evening is devoted chiefly to telling funny stories. The Pentagon has hitherto been unique among women's clubs, but the junior editor of The Woman's Journal, who is a member, happened to mention the plan of the Pentagon in conversation with friends attending the recent national women's suffrage convention at Grand Rapids, and the idea so delighted a woman lawyer of Detroit and a woman doctor of Cincinnati that they went home each with the purpose of starting a Pentagon in her own city.

Why He Left the Secret Service.

By Dan S. Griffin.

I had often wondered why my friend Charlie had left the secret service, and one evening I asked: "Charlie, why did you leave the secret service? Didn't you like it?"

"Yes, I liked it," he replied. "But I had a little experience that knocked me out. I was detailed to go to Albany to find out who was passing counterfeit money there. I called on an old merchant, who had given the information, to learn who he suspected, and he described a lady, well dressed, dark haired, with a little bewitching curl on her right forehead. He looked at me closely a moment, reread the letter of introduction I had given him and then said: 'You will excuse me here at this time. I saw her she was accompanied by a gentleman who very much resembles you.' I laughed at his remark, obtained the details on which he based his suspicions and went to my hotel."

"That evening I went to the theater and occupied a box at the right of the stage. After looking the audience over several times I was pleased to observe in the best opposite me a woman whose appearance answered the merchant's description, and beside her sat one whose countenance and dress, if I photographed, I would have taken for my own."

"During the following week I attended the theaters, public meetings and on Sunday three different churches, but not once did I see either again. Finally, while strolling through the capital, I met a lady face to face. She evidently mistook me for her companion and said: 'Why, George, I am delighted to meet you so unexpectedly! What has brought you here at this time? I saw her she was accompanied by a gentleman who very much resembles you.' I laughed at his remark, obtained the details on which he based his suspicions and went to my hotel."

"I replied: 'I've just obtained some information, but have nothing on which to make a memorandum. Let me have one of your cards, won't you?'

"Certainly," she said and gave me her card, from which I selected a card. As I read her name and address I felt so delighted with my success that I smiled. Seeing my mistake, I stopped suddenly, when she said: 'I am sorry to be deceived. I have forgotten how to smile, ha, ha? I was about to ask why you are so serious this morning. I conclude from the note you sent me last evening that you leave the city for an extended absence. How long do you expect to be gone?'

"I replied, 'I have changed my plans and shall not go for a week yet.' 'How delighted I am! You will therefore come to see me this evening. Of course you will, and I shall expect you at 8 o'clock sharp. May I?'

"Certainly," I replied, and we separated. "No poor detective ever felt more elated than I as I walked to my hotel. Her friend was a confederate, for whom she had mistaken me, and if I could only play my cards right that evening I would know all that was necessary to complete my work. I slyly drew the card from my pocket and reread, 'Minnie E. Rush, 27—street, Albany, N. Y.' I expected to be doing business with her soon, over, but I thought that she probably would, womanlike, let out something. In the meantime I sent a short, blind report, which my chief would understand, as follows: 'I have a bird; mates; send both; meet one tonight.'"

"I started early to reconnoiter the premises. There was a dim light at first. Soon, however, the front room was brightly lighted. I walked by the house two or three times and listened to the piano, evidently played by an artist, and I could not believe it at first—the tune was 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.'"

"When I rang the bell she came to the door, and in a moment she was there to welcome me. Such a welcome! I have recollections of greetings from girls, but this greeting surpassed all my former experience."

"I listened to her innocent prattle and watched her closely. I had always prided myself on my ability to read character. In fact, my success, I believed, had been due to this ability. I was satisfied she was a pure, lovely woman, and to ease my conscience for my acts I made up my mind, rashly, I admit, that I would cut out the friend who looked so like me if possible. I even allowed myself to picture the joy I would have in introducing her to my mother as my wife. But how could all this be brought about? I concluded, I would win her first and then tell her everything, plead my love and trust to Providence."

"I was made confident I could win her when she said suddenly: 'Oh, George! You don't know how happy you make me tonight. Do you know I have almost wondered if it really is you? You seem changed for the better, so like what you used to be when we were first betrothed.'"

"I embraced her and swore that I loved her. I meant it too. 'It was late before I left. The wee sma' hour' was near before I succeeded in tearing myself away. In a few hours my whole being had been changed. Beautiful dreams were constantly before me, in each of which she and I were in the foreground, a center from which all else radiated. Before I re-

tired that night I sent the following to my chief: 'Some mistake; on the wrong track.'"

"The next evening found us together again, and the old story that has been told over and over again since man first made his appearance on earth was repeated. I did not stay so late that night, but I decided that at our next meeting I would tell her all."

"No conquering hero ever stepped with greater pride and confidence than did I the following evening as I walked up the steps and rang the bell. It was answered by a maid, who led me to the parlor, and giving me a letter, withdrew immediately. I broke the seal and read as follows:

"My Dear George—I am very sorry I cannot spend the evening with you, but important business calls me elsewhere. I almost envy the woman who has you for a lover—you are so nice! Teach her to play sacred music! You are securely caged now for 24 hours. Tomorrow, at 3 p. m., you can leave unmolested. My other George is beyond your reach, and I will be soon! You will find a volume of Mother Goose tales and a baby's rattle on the center table, with which to amuse yourself during your stay. Your darling woman."

"Missie."

"That is why I left the service."—New York Press.

This Dog Can Spell.

There is a South Side lady who owns a Gordon setter which she believes is endowed with almost human intelligence. This is not a hastily formed nor unfounded opinion, but has been developed by years of experience. Here is one of the many incidents from which she has sprung her faith in her dog.

Last Sunday, having finished her dinner, the lady went into the drawing room to read the paper. On a rug near the window the setter was basking drowsily in the sun. The lady's two sons were still in the dining room finishing the repast, and the mother overheard something said about bones. Now, the good lady has a mortal dread of the dog, and she thought she would die on a bone some day, so, raising her voice, she called out:

"Boys, don't give Dan any c-h-i-c-k-e-n-b-o-n-e-s," spelling these two words so the dog's attention would not be attracted. "I am afraid he will choke."

As she spelled "chicken" the dog raised his head and listened; at "bones" he got up, walked into the dining room and looked at the bones the boys were picking.—Chicago News.

The Coquette.

A coquette is a being who wishes to please. Alas! coquettes are too rare. 'Tis a career that requires great abilities, infinite pains, a gay and airy spirit. 'Tis the coquette that provides all amusements, suggests the riding party, plans the picnic, gives and guesses charades, acts them. She is the stirring element amid the heavy congeries of social atoms; the soul of the house, the salt of the banquet. Let any one pass a very agreeable week, or it may be ten days, under any roof, and analyze the cause of his satisfaction, and one might safely make a gentle wager that his satisfaction would present him with the frolic phantom of a coquette.—Lord Beaconsfield.

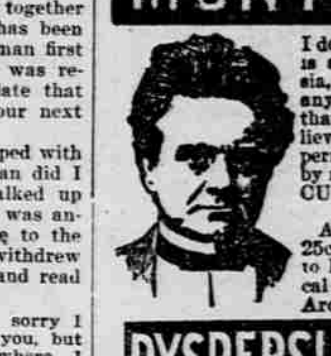
The Widow's Devotion.

There was a man hanged for murder in Sydney, Australia. By his widow's consent, his figure was exhibited in a local waxworks show. Every Sunday for six months the woman, dressed in deepest mourning, called and put a clean shirt on the unresisting form of the wax man. Then her visits stopped. Some time after, happening to meet the manager of the show the lady explained, with many blushes, that she had married again, and her new husband energetically objected to her wifely attention to the toilet of No. 1's graven image.

A Good Substitute For Feathers.

Feathers and down are expensive, but if you know a bank where the cattail grows you can have down pillows galore for the mere making. You must know that the fluff of the ripe cattail, which may be gathered in July or August, makes a pillow equalled only by down itself. So be provident this year, and if you live near a lake or pond get you a harvest of cattails for future use. You will find them the most inexpensive and satisfactory material you can employ for this purpose. If it should

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I do not believe there is a case of dyspepsia, indigestion or any stomach trouble that cannot be relieved at once and permanently cured by my DYSPEPSIA CURE.

MUNYON.
At all druggists, 25c a vial. Guide to Health and medical advice free, 150c Arch street, Phila.

be your fate to live in a section of the country where cattails do not grow, then substitute the silk from milkweed pods. Gather the pods in the fall of the year, hang them away in paper bags to dry, and they will burst open before the winter is over and can be made up into pillows in the early spring.—Woman's Home Companion.

Her Generous